Dublin, 15th of April, 1854.

Dear Emma

I write to you for several reasons

1st Your sister Annie says you are unaccomplished & I want to show you how little I believe her

2nd As you never write to me, I wish to heap coals of fire on your head which must be intolerable there at Pau

3rd I want to send the enclosed to Paris. Your sister wrote for it for the Parents of Christian Consolator and my wife copied it and here it is going an airing all the way round by the Pyrenees.

4th I wish heartily to congratulate you on your sister Lucias improvement: though I have never laid my eyes upon her I have a cordial interest in her happiness and yours and so dont wish her to go to heaven before the natural course of things.

5th I was freshly and pleasantly reminded of you by an account of your journey and settlement at Pau that Miss Edith sent me from the pen of Caroline who kindly expressed her intention of writing to me. But then I did not hope for it & hardly desired that she should think of us thoughts were so naturally too fully absorbed by your patient that all other engagements and considerations must be put aside. Still I hope now that the good you looked for is about being reaped I do expect a letter from Pau — I wish to stand with the missive in my hand from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees. Maybe Maria would add a moral sentence with her autograph that I may judge of her character, & know by that infallible indication whether it is at all equal to the descriptions of her partial friends.

MS. A.9.2.28.8

We have such beautiful weather here that it is charming to behold. We have had no rain for four weeks — or at least since last Sunday three weeks. The sky is blue — the streets are dusty and lovely — the trees are green, the primroses in pale bloom — the cowslips coming out — the violets in the hedges — the lambs playing — we forget the snow and the hard harsh winter — and Garrison would not know us or our climate — for when he was here I mean in Great Britain & Ireland there was hardly a day for 6 weeks on which it did not rain. Besides I can tell you that the Yearly Meeting is coming on. This I know from the general turning & overturning our house is getting from garret to kitchen — scrubbing here and dusting there & whitewashing in the homeliest corners — turning over the beds and making every thing tidy for the country cousins that will come up in multitudes to the great Feast of Spiritual Things that takes place every year in the last week in ~~[illegible]~~ April. As I dont belong to the Synagogue, I would gladly spend the time in Bristol or in Pau or even in Paris under the beneficent shadow of the best of rulers.

I suppose you know we had Parker Pillsbury here for some weeks and enjoyed his company as much as was possible considering that the poor fellow had very poor health, had bad rest and was at times in actual pain from the threatening of that malady which overwhelmed him so on his arrival at Bristol. I thought a milder climate might be of use to him & also allowed him to go ~~from~~ in the hope that he would be served by a change — but thinking how uncertain Mr Estlins life is I was anxious he should secure ~~the~~ as good a chance as he could have of knowing him, little apprehending or foreseeing that he would be laid by there so long. But indeed it looked like a special providence - for you know the house and the people and all the arrangements for sickness or emergency and comfort with which 47 Park Street abounds. You know that such a place for a sick establishment could not be excelled any where and well it was for poor Pillsbury that he lay down in such quarters. Then he had such nursing and such physicians and all with Mrs Collin's oversight and actual attendance. You know it is valued on the chest a formidable & dangerous disease that affected him and from which he has not yet entirely recovered, the we had a full and pleasant letter from him a few days ago and he says that in all respects ~~[illegible]~~ except his breathing he is greatly improved. While he was with us we became greatly attached to him - there is an unaffected heartiness about him - a natural good sense and simplicity and kindliness that are very prepossessing. We felt quite a brotherly regard for him and were really sorry when he left us.

For our own parts we are jogging on in the old track. During the week hard at work as I am in my den - that is my printing office, where, from the desk at which many a letter to America has been penned, I wrote to the land of the dim and bow to your respectable self (not heeding kisses and impertinences. In the letter that you do not mean to write me in reply do let me know whether the people are very queer - whether you see any ladies and what they are like? - do they breathe much of Spain? - that is, of garlic, & rancid oil & gazpacho - can you scatter Dyspepsia! Do you ment with Brigands and Carlists & Progresistas & Contrabandistas? Is there any sign of the troubling of the waters in your part of the world or is the Conquering Demon likely to keep his seat firm and to hold his ill gotten gains?

I ask you all these questions without the least expectation that you will answer them — But if you do not there is another that will — now that she has time to breathe & to rest & feel lightsome again. It seems a long time since last I saw Caroline on the deck of the great steamer when I went part of the way with her to America — With kindest wishes for you all there. I am yours ever truly

Richd D Webb

I do not know whether Mrs Webb has sent you the Advocates as they appeared — If not I will take care that they are sent in future

Ms. A.9.2.28.8